My Grandmother's Story

By Sarah A. Reed

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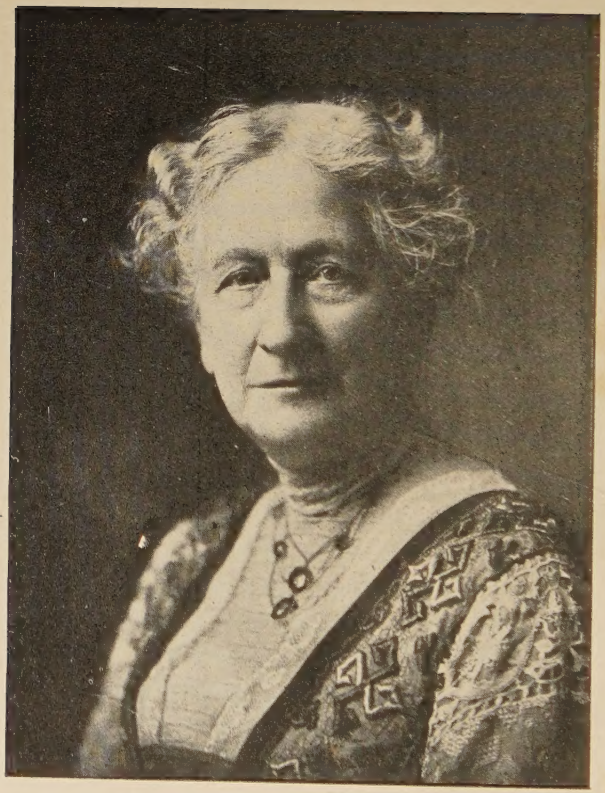

SARAH A. REED

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

and

Other Stories

By

SARAH A. REED

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BY
SARAH A. REED

Dedicated to

MY STUDY CLASSES

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE

MANY PLEASANT HOURS

WE HAVE SPENT TOGETHER

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"MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY"

"MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY"

SOME of the sweetest, tenderest memories of my childhood cluster around my maternal grandmother. Although her four score and seven years of earthly life had run their full course just as I was entering my teens, yet I think that I can truly say that I owe much that I am to-day to the early influence of a character so strong, yet gentle, unflinching and unfaltering in its allegiance to all that was honest and of good repute, and yet unfailing in patience and forgiveness for all wrong—following closely in her Master's footsteps in tenderness for the sinner, while heartily hating the sin itself.

My grandmother was a great story-teller. She never preached to children, but her stories,

while they entertained, always helped and stimulated us, and their moral never needed to be pointed out.

My grandmother was born and reared in New England, and she clung always to the habits and customs of her early home. Being a staunch Presbyterian of the old school, she did not pay much heed to Christmas as a holiday time, but Thanksgiving was the great feast day of the year; and so long as she lived, children and grandchildren must journey long and far to spend that day with her under the old roof-tree. Such jolly times and bountiful feasts as we used to enjoy when we gathered around grandmother's hospitable board for the Thanksgiving dinner, served always at midday. Grandmother did not countenance late dinners. I remember one day when we tried to taste every kind of pie but gave out when the tenth variety came to the table. Never again shall I taste such roast turkey and chicken pie with all the delicious ac-

companiments. Usually the day's enjoyments closed with a play time, old and young joining in the games, while grandmother smiled benignly upon us from her favorite seat in the chimney corner. As these games seemed to be a legitimate part of the feast and had grown dear to my childish heart, you can imagine that I was not well pleased to learn, one Thanksgiving Day, that some wise soul had been inspired to plan a donation party for the minister for that evening. It seemed to me an unjustifiable "robbing Peter to pay Paul," especially as I had to play the part of Peter alone with grandmother, all the others being judged old enough to go to the donation party. But as the pruned rose often blossoms the most beautifully, so *that* Thanksgiving evening that promised to be shorn of its full measure of enjoyment is to-day the best remembered of them all.

The ground was covered with snow and the party went off in the big sleigh. Grandmother

and I stood in the doorway and watched them load in and start, she, with many a kindly admonition to keep well bundled up and drive carefully down the big hill, while I swallowed hard at a big lump in my throat and winked fast to keep back the tears. When the merry laughter and sound of the bells grew faint, we turned indoors and as the light of the big wood fire fell upon my face, grandmother noticed the tears and the woeful look and said, "Tut, tut, child, don't look that way, but cheer up and have a nice visit with your old grandmother." Then she wisely took no further notice of me for a few moments, but bustled about the room putting things to rights. She swept up the broad old-fashioned hearth where a big wood fire was burning lustily, and when she had settled the room to her mind she took a shining brass candle-stick from the high mantle and lighting the candle said, "Come now, child, we will go down cellar and bring up the end of the Thanksgiving

feast and have it ready for those people when they come home from their cold ride." I did not want to be comforted a bit, but as I trotted downstairs after grandmother the tears and the lump melted away together. Can't I see that cellar now, or better still, inhale its fragrance; such luscious apples! And how the cider sparkled as I held the candle close down to see if it was running free from the faucet. When we had selected the apples and grandmother had turned off the flow of cider from the full pitcher, we went to the big jar that had grown dear to my heart from long acquaintance with the linked and twisted sweetness of the doughnuts that from my earliest remembrance, were always to be found in that special jar. I do not remember whether that was the day when nature gave out at the tenth piece of pie, but if so, there had been a revival of the forces; for one of the doughnuts slipped easily past where the big lump had been a few moments be-

fore and the first bite had been taken in another one before grandmother had her dish piled up ready to go upstairs. By the time the cakes, apples and cider were arranged on the table and the iron poker, that was to give the cider its hot stir, stood ready for use in the chimney corner, my disappointment was all gone and I ran gleefully to the kitchen to order some wood for the fire. I staid a few moments to gossip with the maid-of-all-work and on my return to the fireside I found grandmother busy reading a letter with a foreign postmark. As she laid it down she said, "I have been reading a letter from my foster child. It came yesterday. She always writes to me for Thanksgiving; forty-nine, why no, I really believe that it is fifty years to-day since I found her."

"Oh! grandmother," I exclaimed, "do tell me the story of your finding her and all about her."

"Why, child," said grandmother, "you have heard it many a time." "But never on Thanks-

giving night," said I, "and if you will tell it to me I shall like it better than the donation party."

"Well," said grandmother, "you shall have the story if it will make you happy, and often as I have told it, I never get tired of it myself." "And grandmother," I interrupted, "please begin the story when you got married off there in Massachusetts." "Well now," said grandmother, "if I am to tell the story you must keep that little tongue of yours still and not interrupt me every other minute. If you will promise to let me do all the talking I will begin with the time when I left the old homestead. I will leave out the wedding; you have heard about that so often, and then you never will keep still when I tell how the minister and his wife led off in the dance. You always want to know why they don't do such jolly things nowadays. I was married the 15th of January, it will be 55 years

this coming January, and for nearly 30 of them I have gone on alone."

Grandmother's voice faltered a little and the firelight that played on her face touched something that glistened like a diamond. I did not know then, as I know now, that no coronet of diamonds could have graced her as did the faithful love that had borne those many years of separation with unwavering allegiance and unfailing cheerfulness. But I am wandering from the story, while grandmother kept steadily on with hers, not even stopping to wipe away the tear that fell and sparkled on her black dress.

"We left the old home the morning after the wedding. You see the year before we were married your grandfather went to what was then the western wilderness of central New York, and settled in the town of C. He had prospered, and he came for me in the winter leisure and we

were to drive all the way to our new home in a sleigh.

"Such a leave-taking as that was; the neighbors all gathered to see us start and many tears were shed, all seeming to feel that there was small hope of our ever coming back again. My father held me long in his arms as he put me in the sleigh, and he said 'God's blessing go with you, my daughter. And may your new home be a happy one. You may come back here some day when your hair is as white as mine is today, but I shall have gone the long journey ere that time; for us it is good-bye for this world.' But it was not, for the dear father visited me in my home and held my children on his knees before he went the 'long journey.' Our wedding journey took three weeks. We spent the nights and the Sundays at inns on the road, but traveled all the rest of the time. The new home seemed a wilderness to me. Although C. was quite a little town, yet I missed so many of the

comforts and conveniences of my old home; but I had expected hardships and tried hard to overcome them instead of letting them overcome me. One of the strange experiences to me was living in such familiar intercourse with the Indians. The county of O. was the home of two tribes, the Stockbridge and the Brothertowns, and we literally dwelt among them. Your grandfather prepared me for this and had told me that it had been found best to treat the Indians as friends. But I own that I found it hard to get used to leaving the doors unfastened even at night and letting the Indians come and go as they pleased, but when I found that they never abused the confidence reposed in them and never cared to go beyond the kitchen, I gave up my fears and thought nothing of finding two or three and sometimes six or seven Indian men and women sitting around the kitchen fire, and was often wakened in the night hearing them coming in or moving about to make themselves

comfortable. Very often the squaws brought the poor little papooses in to warm them. Such funny little bundles as they were, strapped so tightly to the tough bit of board. Sometimes when the little things were sick, with some childish ailment, I gave a little advice and medicine to the poor, ignorant women.

"I was greatly amused one day to hear myself called the medicine woman. I think that it was the fourth Thanksgiving Day that I spent in my new home that my reputation as a doctress caused me to be called to visit a sick child in a wigwam nearly two miles away from my home. I had spent a busy morning preparing the Thanksgiving dinner. When the morning was about half over, as I stood by the kitchen table mixing the pudding sauce, the door opened and two squaws walked in. So accustomed had I become to such intrusions that I hardly looked up from my work as they stalked across the kitchen floor and sat down by the fire. After a

few moments of quiet looking into the fire one of them came across to the table where I was working and made me understand in her broken English that they wanted me to go and see a sick child. I shook my head and said, bring papoose here, but the squaw in turn shook her head and said, 'Too sick, too sick.' I hesitated for some moments, but finally decided to leave the dinner in the care of a young girl and go with them.

"It was a long, cold tramp that they led me and once or twice the thought of my dinner spoiling, made me turn to go back, but the squaw would encourage me by saying, 'Nust wigwam,' meaning 'near wigwam.' When we at last reached and entered the wigwam I found the air so hot and offensive that I made the squaw lift the mat plaited of straw that hung in the doorway, and when the light fell upon the child that the squaw placed in my arms I was startled to see that I held, not an Indian pa-

poose, but a little, fair-haired, blue-eyed, English child, seemingly about three years of age. I had been with the Indians long enough by that time to know that the wise course was to express no surprise; so I kept my astonishment to myself, quietly asking about the child's ailments, which, as experience showed me, was a low form of fever. I told them what to do, and as I laid the little one down I said, 'White papoose; whose is it?'

"The silent squaw, who, until this time had not spoken one word, now opened her mouth, and speaking much better English than the one who had acted as spokesman said, 'Great spirit sent me white papoose.' She then unwound from her waist a long strip of beads and put them within the child's hot little hands. I understood the sign to mean that the child was bound to her. As I felt in a hurry to get home I told them that they must watch the child carefully and that I would come again the next day.

I found my dinner nearly spoiled by the long neglect, but that did not trouble me nearly as much as did the thought of the little English child that I had found in the Indian wigwam.

"We sat long over that Thanksgiving dinner, not as usual, talking of the day in the dear old New England home, but wondering and surmising about the child. Your grandfather said that he feared it was a stolen child, although the Stockbridges, to which tribe the squaws belonged, were usually very trustworthy and he could hardly suspect them of theft of any kind, much less of stealing that of which they usually had an overplus supply.

"The next day I took the long cold walk again, this time taking with me some medicine and some delicacies that I thought might tempt the appetite of the sick child. I found her worse than the day before, and I felt strangely drawn towards her and it was hard to leave her there, feeling sure, as I did, that the squaw could not

give her the care she needed. That evening, in talking with your grandfather, I expressed so much anxiety about her that he said, 'I will go with you to see her to-morrow.' So the next afternoon we went and found the child breathing heavily and noticing nothing. I could see that the squaw had given her up to die, and when the Indians give anyone up to die, they give up all care of them, strange as it may seem. Yet mothers will often lay their children away in the woods to die alone, and old persons are always forsaken when hope of recovery is abandoned. I knew what fate awaited the little Walla Walla, as they called her, and I could not leave her to such a fate; so I consulted with your grandfather and we decided to ask for the little one and carry her home with us. And it was strange to see how readily they gave her up.

"The squaw talked with a big Indian that sat smoking in the corner of the wigwam, and he made a few signs and grunted out a few rough

sounds; and then the squaw came, and taking the mysterious string of beads, wound them about the child's waist, and then gave me the string, thus, signifying that she gave the child up to me. Her stoical face showed no sign of either grief or anxiety, and they saw us start off without a word of regret. As we walked home, your grandfather carrying the little bundle of humanity that had so strangely fallen to our care, we talked and planned a little as to what it was best to do with her; but as there seemed small chance of her living many days, your grandfather said, 'Well, Mary, let us just do the best we can to save the little life so strangely thrown upon our mercy, and leave the future in God's hands.' And for three or four days that future seemed to be so surely beyond our care that I gave it no thought. But on the fourth day the fever broke, and from that time the little Walla Walla crept by slow stages back to life and health. But during that

time she crept, too, so closely into our hearts, that the question of allowing her to go back to the Indian wigwam was never even raised. As the light and color of health came into her eyes and face, she grew very lovely and not only was it plain that no Indian blood ran in her veins, but everything about her bespoke gentle birth. It was as though she had floated to us from an unknown sea. She was too young to tell us aught of herself, and if the Indian family, where we found her, knew anything about her, fear or some other strong motive, kept them silent, and no effort, not even the offer of tempting gifts, could draw from them the slightest information as to where they found her.

"We made such inquiries as we could about the Stockbridge tribe, to which the family belonged, and found that they wandered about a great deal, often being gone for weeks at a time. They had returned from one of their long tramps shortly before I found the little Walla,

and had brought her with them. There was but one clew by which we could ever hope to have the child identified and that was slight. When I had first undressed her I found on one of her arms near the shoulder a mark made with Indian ink, a small star with the letter R above it, and I indulged a hope that that little star might yet be the key that would unlock the mystery of her life. Had it been in the time of newspapers and the telegraph, we might have spread the news of the finding of the child far and wide; but in the beginning of this century such things had not been even thought of. Our mails were long delayed, and each little settlement lived as much within itself as if the inhabitants were in a separate world. So although we told Walla's story to everyone that came to our home, and wrote of her to the friends in our New England home, yet the word reached but very few people; and as the years went by we saw her growing up with our own children, almost as dear to

our hearts as they, and seemingly as absolutely ours.

"Walla knew that she was not our child, and she had heard the story of our finding her often enough to be familiar with each little detail. She was an intelligent child, and took a keen interest in her own history; but she had a bright, sunny nature that accepted and enjoyed life as she found it. Often when I saw her playing with my children, and noted her rare grace and beauty, my heart would ache at the thought that perhaps somewhere in the wide world a mother's heart was mourning for her lost child.

"When Walla was about thirteen years old your grandfather was made sheriff of the county. His new duties took him much away from home, and I was often alone in the house with only the children for company. How many evenings I have spent here before this fireplace with the children gathered about me. Walla was quite unlike my own children, being fairer and far

more beautiful, and it was nice to see how proud they all were of her. Many a time did that little circle ask, as you have asked this evening, for the story of the Thanksgiving Day when I found Walla, and one evening, when I was telling it to my small audience, the story closed abruptly with the solution of the mystery.

"So many years ago; and yet as I look about the fireplace, I seem almost to see those eager childish faces, my own four and my foster child and the look of disappointment at an unwelcome interruption, when the sound of bells and the stamping of feet proclaimed the arrival of visitors. But when your grandfather opened the door, it was changed to shouts of joyful welcome. He had been absent for two weeks. Some business connected with the sale of land had taken him to Cape Vincent, and from there he had sent me word that he would have to go as far as Montreal. So his return was unexpected, and in our delight at seeing him we did

not at first notice that he was not alone. The stranger that came in with him, he introduced as Col. Gordon, of the English Army, and he said to me: 'I have invited Col. Gordon to spend the night with us. Make him at home while I go and look after the horses.'

"After inviting the colonel to make himself comfortable by the fireside, I went out to order supper. When I returned to the room the colonel stood by the fire, and Walla, with a politeness that came quite natural to her, was standing beside him trying to entertain him. The firelight lit up both faces and the resemblance between them was so marked that my heart gave a bound that almost took away my breath. The thought that Col. Gordon was in some way connected with Walla was uppermost in my mind, all through the supper, and although we talked of the weather, the journey and other ordinary subjects, I watched nar-

rowly all the time for some look or sign of special interest in my foster child.

"When the children came to say good night, your grandfather said, 'Mary, I have told Col. Gordon Walla's history. Will you gratify his curiosity by showing him the star on her arm?' This was a request that had been made many times before, so Walla took it quite as a matter of course. Col. Gordon looked critically at the mark, but merely said, 'That is a sailor's mark,' and then walked away to a window, not even saying good night to the child. When I came downstairs after seeing the children in bed, your grandfather called me to the fireside and said, 'Sit down, Mary; Col. Gordon has a story to tell you; but I see by your eyes that you have already guessed what has brought him here.'

"Without waiting for the story I turned eagerly to the colonel and asked, 'Are you Walla's father?' 'Listen,' said he, 'and then tell me if she be indeed my long lost child.'

"The story that he told was a long one, and the clock struck 12 before it, and our long consultation, was over, but I shall tell it to you very briefly. Eleven years before Col. Gordon, then a captain in the army, had been stationed in Quebec. He came from England, bringing with him his wife and two children, a little girl something over two years of age, and a baby boy. When they had been in Quebec about six months, their youngest child died; but the week before the death of the little one they had met with the still more distressing grief of the loss of their little girl. During the sickness of her baby Mrs. Gordon had entrusted the care of the little Rose to an Irish nurse, an elderly woman in whom she felt, as she afterwards found, a misplaced confidence, as the woman, although a faithful and competent servant when she was herself, was subject to what might be called fits of intoxication, in which she would literally lose herself for days, coming out of them as one

might come out of a fit of insanity. In Mrs. Gordon's absorption in the case of the sick baby, she had noticed the woman but little, and had allowed her to go out, frequently taking the little Rose with her.

"She was much alarmed one evening when the growing shades of night failed to bring nurse and child home; and when Col. Gordon came from the garrison he at once started out in search of them, but although the search was continued through that night and for many days, not the slightest trace of the child was ever found. The second day the nurse was discovered in a low boarding-house sleeping off the effects of her deep potations, but she seemed quite oblivious to anything that had happened; and although deeply penitent, could not throw the slightest light upon the whereabouts of the little Rose. She confessed that she had been drinking for some days, but had no intention of getting drunk. She had a dim remembrance of

going in somewhere to get a drink, but could never tell whether the child was with her when she came out. The supposition that the child had been stolen was sustained by the fact that she wore, at the time of her being lost, a costly necklace and a locket set with diamonds. They were the gift of her god-mother; but Mrs. Gordon had never permitted her to wear them on the street lest they might attract attention. The nurse had evidently put them on, either to gratify her own pride or that of the child, and the fear was that in some low haunt to which the nurse had gone to drink, the child had been stolen for the value of the jewels and then hidden away to cover over the crime.

"Col. Gordon said that it was many months before they gave up the hope of finding their child. But when at last further effort seemed worse than useless, he had persuaded his almost heartbroken wife to let him apply for change of orders, and they had gone back to the old world.

His wife had, however, always clung to the belief that their child was alive, and would each year beg of him to obtain a long leave of absence and spend the time in Canada in search for their child. As even after the elapse of nearly ten years she still held firm to her faith that they might yet find their daughter, he had yielded, obtained his leave of absence and come to America. But dreading the effect of old scenes and associations upon his wife, he had taken ship for New York and insisted upon his wife's remaining there while he went alone to Quebec. In the stage between Kingston and Montreal, he had chanced—if we may call such things chance—to be the companion of your grandfather, and in that familiar intercourse that soon springs up between congenial people when thrown together, they became interested in each other, and Col. Gordon told your grandfather of the hopeless mission upon which he had started out. As he went on with his story

your grandfather told me he was startled to find that the little Rose Gordon had been lost about six months before we found Walla, and that the ages of the children corresponded. It seemed almost impossible to him, considering the distance at which we lived from Quebec, that our foster child could be Col. Gordon's Rose, but he knew that he had a question to ask that would decide at once whether it were so.

"While he was debating how he should put the question, Col. Gordon, going on with his story, said: 'You may be thinking that even if I were to find my child at this late day I would not know her, could not identify her as my child, but it is because chance, or rather God's providence, has made it possible for me to do so, that my wife has been so urgent for the search to be made. My little Rose, is she is living, bears upon her arm a mark, made with India ink. During our long sea voyage from Liverpool to Quebec, my wife and children spent

much time on the deck of the ship, and made friends with the sailors. And one of the sailors, an old man who was devoted to the children, begged Mrs. Gordon to allow him to exercise his skill in printing devices into the skin upon our children; telling her that it ought always to be done, so that a child could be identified if lost. So we permitted him. Upon our baby's arm he printed an anchor saying, "Maybe the boy will grow up to be a sailor lad." While upon our little Rose's arm he made a small star with the letter R above it, but I hardly have a hope that she is living, and if living she is most likely in the midst of most degrading associations and quite beyond my reach.'

"Your grandfather further said that they rode on in silence for some time, the colonel lost in bitter reverie, while he was debating in his own mind how best to divulge the knowledge he possessed. He at first thought of telling Col. Gordon of his own family and then of inciden-

tally bringing in Walla's history and let the colonel trace its resemblance to that of his own child, but a few moments of thought convinced him that the best and kindest way was a simple announcement of the fact. So laying his hand upon Col. Gordon's shoulder to arouse him from his reverie, he said: 'You have not started upon a hopeless search; you need not search at all, but go home with me and I will show you your child.' The colonel had many eager questions to ask, and, strong man, brave soldier that he was, he broke down and cried like a child, and he could brook no delay.

"At the first stopping place they left the stage, and procuring a sleigh and horses started on the trip to C. But on the way your grandfather persuaded him that it would not be wise to startle Walla by at once telling her of the great change that was to come into her life, and before we left the fireside that evening we had decided that it was best for Col. Gordon to go

to New York and bring his wife to our house and let the mother meet her child first in our house.

"That Walla was really his child he had not the slightest doubt, although he said that he felt some disappointment in not being able to trace any resemblance in her to his wife. I told him of the resemblance to himself that had been great enough to arouse in me a conviction that he was in some way connected with the child, even when I knew nothing of his story. He left us the next morning, and the three weeks that elapsed before he returned with his wife gave me ample time for thought and for a full realization of the fact that the child who had grown so dear to me, must go away from our home and country; and I came, too, to see that it would be wiser and better to prepare Walla for what was coming. So as gently and lovingly as I could I told her of the discovery that had been made and bade her be ready to welcome the father

and mother who had so long mourned her as lost. She was not happy over the thought at first, and came to me again and again to say that she could never leave me; could never be happy away from our home, but the brave, tender father and gentle, loving mother soon won their child's affection, not away from us—they did not want to do that—but she came to love them with a very devoted love and to understand that their hungry hearts and desolate home needed her, and when after a sojourn in our house of some weeks, her father told her that they must return to England, she was willing to go with them.

"Col. and Mrs. Gordon said that they felt that she belonged to us as much as she did to them, and they were intensely grateful for all that we had done for their child. They took her away with the promise to her and to us that they would bring her back for a visit within three years' time. That promise was kept, and

she came again soon after her marriage, and again ten years ago. Let me read you an extract from her Thanksgiving letter that will show you that my foster child has not grown away from her love for me." Grandmother put on her glasses, and opening the letter, read:

"Since I wrote you, a dear little baby girl has arrived in Mary's household. Our first grandchild, and we are proud and happy enough over the little one. I wish that I could lay her in your arms for your blessing; but I am sure that you will send it to her across the sea and as soon as she is old enough I shall teach her, as I have taught my own children, to love and reverence the dear foster mother, whose great, loving heart saved me from a life that would have been worse than death."

So grandmother laid the letter down and took off her glasses to wipe away the mist that had gathered on them. The big log in the fireplace fell from the andirons, sending a shower of

sparks up the chimney and out into the room. She arose at once and with shovel and tongs laid the fire once more in order, then saying, "It is about time those folks were home," she walked across the room and opened the door. I followed her and looked out upon the white landscape. A soft snow was falling and trees and bushes bent under their burden of crystals. The sky was flecked with clouds, but as we stood there the moon broke from beneath them and the silvery light glorified the scene. Just then the big clock in the corner behind the door struck the hour, ten silver chimes that rang out clear and distinct in the perfect stillness, and as the last stroke died away my keen ear caught the far-off sound of sleigh bells.

"There they come," I exclaimed, and turned to look at grandmother, who had not spoken since we stood in the doorway. I shall always carry with me the picture of grandmother, as I saw her then as she stood with one hand resting

against the door frame, her tall and stately figure clearly defined by the firelight from behind, while a ray from the partly obscured moon touched her white cap and brought out the clear-cut lines of her strong, sweet face, while her eyes had that far-away look that comes only in the eyes of those who have gone on in life far enough to have a past to look back upon that often seems more real than the living present about them. Grandmother came back from hers as I stood before her, and gently laying her hand upon my head she said: "Ah, child, I have been thinking that we have need to pay close heed, lest we miss some call of our good angel. I little thought that Thanksgiving morning that those poor Indian women were sent to lead me to one of the most satisfying joys of my life."

A STORY ABOUT JANE AND JOHN SEATON

A STORY ABOUT JANE AND JOHN SEATON

CHAPTER I

EAST GLOUCESTER is a little village that hangs like a narrow trailing ribbon on to the east end of the quaint old sea-side city of Gloucester, for the most part it has only one street that winds along close to the water, bordered on the water side by fish houses, but now and then little streets start up the hillsides, usually not going but a few yards on their upward climb.

On one of these streets there stood in August, 1914, a red house, it stands there still, but then we are only telling about it in 1914. You would surely have stopped to look at it, for it stood out in clear relief against the green trees and grey rocks, fresh in bright red paint, but

the house was not as attractive as the well kept garden, in the midst of which it sat as contentedly as if it knew that red and green went well together.

Let us walk into the garden for I hear young voices, but stop first you must know the time, it is ten o'clock in the morning of August 5th, 1914. Now let us lift the latch of the white gate and walk along the well kept path. We are not alone in the garden for a little girl is diligently at work pulling the weeds out of a bed of beets, while a small boy is standing beside an onion bed looking at the vigorous weeds that seem to be trying to claim a right to the soil. Presently the little girl looked up and seeing the boy standing idle, she said, "Why, John, you will never earn the money for the poor children in Salem if you just stand and look at these nasty weeds! Looking won't pull them out, and we have got to hurry up and earn the money so that we can have our trip to Salem."

Just here I will stop to introduce you to this girl and boy, so that we can call them by name, the girl is Jane Seaton, ten years old last March, and the boy is her eight-year-old brother John. They live in the red house and this is their garden and pretty soon I will tell you about their father and mother, but now let us hear what John has to say, his voice sounds a little tired and cross, as looking down at the bed of onions he said, "Spose I don't know that you have to pull to get weeds out, but what do they grow for anyway, just to make us work until our backs ache and our fingers smart? Girls don't mind, they like to work, but us boys have other things to do."

"Now, John," said Jane, "you know better than to talk that way, good boys like work."

"No they don't," said John, "and I have a mind to let you clean out this onion bed your own self, just to let you see how tight these weeds hold on to it."

"John, I am ashamed of you"—this time the voice came from the kitchen door of the red house, and a bright-faced young woman came down the path. Jane jumped up to greet her mother, for she was the mother of the two who spoke so reprovingly to John. He did not even look up at his mother but began to pull weeds furiously, for it was to John the mother addressed her words, as she said, "The time for our trip to Salem is set for next Tuesday, but only the boy and girl who has earned the trip will go with me to see where the great fire destroyed the homes of so many boys and girls. I would be ashamed to go with children who had no money to give these poor homeless people. Remember you were both most eager to earn a dollar. Jane has more than earned her dollar selling flowers to the guests at the hotel, while you, John, have only seventy-five cents in your box, and two days left of this week to earn the other twenty-five cents in."

I was glad to see John stand up and, looking his mother straight in the eyes he said, "Don't worry, mother, I'll earn it and I am going to Salem next Tuesday."

And now I think it is time I should tell you something about Jane and John's father and mother, for although we have not yet seen him there is a father and his name is John. If he had been born a prince and then grown up to be a king he could have been John the 5th, just as King George of England is George the 5th, but being born in America where they don't pin titles onto names, this John was plain John Seaton, born in Gloucester thirty-five years before this year we are writing about. He grew up in the town, going to school seven months of the year and working the other five months, helping in the fish houses, and when he grew old enough he was allowed to go out with the sailing vessels, and so well did he do whatever he had to that very early he started to lay away

money, and it became his great ambition to be part owner in a big ship that sailed away to South America. When he was twenty-one years old he went away for a long voyage and was gone for nearly two years. He came back a big, strong man and happy in the knowledge that he could now buy his right to be part owner of the very ship in which he made the long voyage and of which he was now first mate. Well, now I will have to tell you why he did not buy a right to part of that ship, and for eleven years he has been content to go only on short voyages and to spend his winters working in the fish houses.

The very first week after his return from his trip to far-away South America, his mother said to him one day as he sat watching her make for him one of the blueberry pies he had so longed to taste while he was away at sea, "John, we have some new neighbors in the old gray house around the corner, the Newmans.

They came here from New Bedford last year and they have such a nice daughter Elizabeth, a good industrious girl. She can turn her hand to anything and she is good-looking too, but she is sort of backward about getting acquainted. I think she is a little lonely and homesick sometimes. Now I have been thinking, John, that if you would ask her to go with you to that little dance they are going to have down at the Shore House it would be a real kindness." "Now, mother," said John, "you know I have never cared for girls, especially bashful ones, I never know what to say to them. You ought to be so glad to have me at home that you would not ask me right away to do something you might know I would not like to do."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Seaton, "if you feel like that of course I won't ask you to do it." But at supper time when John was feasting on the blueberry pie, his mother said, "I am going over to the Newman's this evening to learn a

new stitch that Mrs. Newman has promised to teach me. Your father says he has to be at the town hall to see what can be done about the new boathouse down the street, so he can't come for me and I rather dread the rolling stones on the hillside. Could you come for me, John, just before nine o'clock? I will be ready to start right off, so it won't take you long." "Sure, mother," said John, "what is a son for unless he can take care of his mother?"

So at nine o'clock that evening John went for his mother and when bright-eyed, golden-haired Elizabeth Newman opened the door and gave him a smiling welcome something got hold of him that has never since let go—a claim that he has never disputed. He did not seem in a hurry to have his mother start for home, and to her surprise he introduced the subject of the dance, asked Elizabeth if she enjoyed dancing and when she said, "Oh, in New Bedford where I knew everybody I never had to miss a dance,

but here why I have never danced a step since we came here last August."

"Well," said John, "Will you go to the Shore dance with me tomorrow night?" Of course Elizabeth said, "Yes." And soon Mrs. Seaton had to say to her son, "John, I never see anything of you now and I fear the Newman's will get tired of you." "O, no," said John, "they are not tired of me for only last evening they said they would be willing to trust Elizabeth to me for life, and I have just been trying to screw up my courage to ask you and father if you would accept her for the daughter you have always longed to have." Of course Elizabeth was accepted and John decided to put his savings into a lot where the beets and onions were growing that 5th day of August, 1914. The house was built on it and in due time John and Elizabeth (who had changed her name to Seaton) set up housekeeping, planted a garden, set out some fruit trees

and were so happy and contented that John no longer cared to go for only short voyages. Then after a time the Jane and John we have seen in the garden came to live with them; they came, to be sure, as wee little babies, but they grew fast, so that on the 5th of August, 1914, they had come to be the ten-year-old girl and the eight-year-old boy, who were earning money to help the poor homeless children in the burnt-out city of Salem.

CHAPTER II

Salem

SALEM is an old town whose history cherishes many curious and interesting tales, but as this chapter of our story is to tell of the visit to Salem of Jane and John Seaton, I must not wander too far away into old time history, still I cannot help telling you how the old city came to be called Salem and I must just tell you of a few important events in the history. Well, the city was a town of importance before the Declaration of Independence of the Thirteen Colonies had been thought about.

Way back in 1630, some of the Puritans thought it a good place to settle down in, so they cut down some trees and built a few log houses and planted some of the seeds they had brought with them when they came from Holland. One evening as they sat around a log fire

the question came up: what shall this town) for town it is to be if we build here our homes) be called? Several names, mostly those of towns in the Old England they still loved, were talked over and when some had been agreed upon, they knelt down and as was their custom in all matters of importance asked for guidance from above, and when they arose from their knees, the first to speak was Mother Templeton, a woman all respected and she said "we want a Bible name and one that sounds peaceful. So let us call our new town Salem," and all said "Yea, so let it be." In a few years quite a little town had sprung up, they had built a meeting house and had a schoolhouse where the children were not only taught the three "R's," but also the ten commandments and strict obedience to their parents. Sunday, "The Sabbath," they always called it, was indeed for them all, men, women and children, a holy day, God's day, and I fear it was not a very bright day for the chil-

dren, for they had no Sunday School, but went to meeting with their elders and sat on hard benches for two or three hours, listening to long sermons that they did not understand and if anyone fell asleep, they felt a poke from the deacon's long rod. Then when long and at last the meeting closed with prayer, and they went outdoors, they could not skip and laugh, oh no! they had to walk very quietly with folded hands and go home to eat a cold dinner.

So I think you can be glad you live in Erie, Pa. in the year 1917 instead of in old Salem-by-the-Sea before our country had become the United States of America. But if I go on telling about this old town of Salem you will all get tired and go to sleep before the story gets down to August, 1914, and little Jane and John Seaton. I would like to tell you about the witches, what they did and what was done to them. It is a story that would, I am sure, often make your hair "stand on end," but it is a long, long story,

so we will have to pass it by this time and go back to the red house on the hillside, at East Gloucester.

A little while before that day when we walked into the Seatons' garden and met Jane and John, Jane had a wonderful dream. She thought, in her dream, that she was standing down at the beach and saw all the boats in the harbor burst into flames of fire and she tried so hard to call for help that she awoke and lo! her room was bright and as she looked out of the window the sky was red and even the water looked as if it was on fire. She began to cry, and then John wakened, but he called so loud "what is the matter," that their mother came into the room. She was all dressed, although it was in the middle of the night and she said, "Children, Salem is burning up, it has been on fire since last evening, they can't stop the fire. Your father and several other men have gone to see if they can help."

Well, we can't tell all the story of that fire, but when finally it was stopped, there were hundreds of people in Salem without home or furniture or even clothes enough to cover their bodies, and tired, little children were crying in the streets because they were so hungry and so frightened. Many, many homes and stores and churches had melted into ashes and only broken walls marked where a few hours before there were fine houses and stately blocks. The great trees that had added to the beauty of Salem were many of them now only charred trunks, and lovely vines and flowers had melted into dust in the heat of that great fire.

It was many hours before Mr. Seaton came back to his home, and when he did he had woeful tales to tell about the sorrows of the people who had lost their homes, and when he told how hungry the people were Mrs. Seaton called in all her neighbors and all agreed to go right to work and each one promised to donate a big

basket of cooked food to send to Salem, and as many as could made up bundles of, and for some days everyone, not only in Gloucester, but in many other places, wroked hard trying to help those poor people. Men helped to put up temporary abodes to shelter those whose houses had gone up in flames and were reduced to heaps of ashes.

From the first Jane and John had been anxious to see the ruins of the great fire, but they were told it was no place for children. But as the days passed it began to be the thing to do to go to Salem and walk through the streets the great fire had swept bare of houses, trees and gardens. So one day a bright idea came to the mother of Jane and John. She had noticed that while she had been working for her poor neighbors in Salem the weeds had grown up thick and high in the garden she usually kept so clean. And she suggested to her husband, "John, what would you say to my paying Jane and John an

hour for weeding the garden and let them earn the money for the poor children in Salem? We might make the plan attractive by the promise of a trip to Salem when each one has earned one dollar." "Fine plan," said Mr. Seaton, "it would teach them to work and to be unselfish."

You may be sure Jane and John hailed the plan with delight, and fell to work with such zeal that the weeds in the Seaton garden melted away almost as fast as the flowers before the great fire. But if the truth be told John's zeal did not last beyond the first day. He wanted to play with the boys, and especially tempting were the fish houses, for the ships had brought in great loads of codfish and men were working cleaning and washing the fish and spreading them out to dry in the racks under the little white tents. It was such fun to see the fish shoveled in the great tanks and watch how fast the men wroked. "Girls," so John said, "did not care for such things," so of course it was easier

for Jane to earn her dollar, especially as she had obtained her mother's consent to pick the sweet peas and make them into little bouquets that she easily sold for five cents each, to the guests at the hotel. So although Jane had generously donated twenty-five cents of her flower money to his pile, he felt a little peeved when his mother put before him the choice of giving up the trip or earning his full dollar.

So the morning of the day following the one when we first saw Jane and John in their garden, found John up at five o'clock, and by evening when he counted his pile of five and ten cent pieces he gave a glad shout that called both his mother and Jane from the kitchen. They found John dancing to and fro while his money was rolling on the floor, for in his glee he had upset the box that held his precious store. Jane helped him pick it up and count it to make sure it was all there, and Jane refrained, like the good sister she was, from

saying, "I earned twenty-five cents of that money, and I now have one dollar and fifty cents in my box." It was still two days until the Tuesday set for the trip. One of the days was Sunday and both children felt their importance when their Sunday School teacher said to them before the class, "So as you are going to Salem Tuesday, I will give you ten minutes of class time next Sunday to tell what you saw there." The girls in Jane's class looked eager and interested as Jane promised to try to remember something about the Salem children. But not so the boys in John's class, they did not seem to care and two or three of them said we are going to see for ourselves, so their teacher looked disappointed and said, "You are very ungracious boys."

Monday did not seem half long enough for all there was to do to get ready for the start for Salem on the 8.30 morning train on Tuesday. They were to take their lunch and stay

until the 6 o'clock train in the evening. The long day ended in a bright starlight evening that gave promise of a fine tomorrow and the children went early to bed, so that they might be up bright and early.

CHAPTER III

"Salem, all off for Salem"

THE longed-for Tuesday came at last and a smiling sun and cool breeze from off the sea made it just the day for a trip. The children were up early, all dressed and ready a full hour before it was time to take the trolley ride to Gloucester, where they were to take the 8.30 train for Salem (18 miles away). Their mother had to remind them several times that they had better eat their breakfast instead of talking, as they could not be sure just when and where they could eat the nice lunch she had all ready in a basket that John insisted he, as the man of the party, was to carry. The elder John, the father of the family, could only go as far as Gloucester. So eager and ready were they all, that they had a long wait on the platform at Gloucester, before the train came puffing alongside the station and into it they hustled; the

whistle blew, the bell rang, off they were at last, and in a half hour after passing through a tunnel they came out into the light and the conductor called: *"Salem, all off for Salem."*

Now began the excitement, for they had hardly gone three steps from the train when a small boy hailed them, "want to buy pictures of the great fire?" And sure enough he had a little book of pictures all for ten cents. "Were you in the fire?" eagerly asked Jane. "Guess so," said the boy, "everything we had burned up, somebody has given us some clothes, we eat at the public dining hall and sleep in a tent. Mother and sister and David and I. I am trying to earn a little to help mother, I make three cents on each little book I sell, have earned twelve cents already to-day," and the young merchant looked very proud and satisfied. "Want a guide?" asked another small boy, "I can show you all around, will do it for twenty-five cents, I must earn some money to-day."

So Mrs. Seaton bought one of the booklets for each of the children, and engaged boy No. 2 to show them about, promising him a good lunch with them if he did it well. "But first of all," she said, "can you show us the headquarters of the relief association, my children have earned some money for the Salem children." "Sure I can show you where the ladies are who help us burned-outs," said the boy. I go there for lots of things, my clothes and tickets for me and mother to get our dinner. There is only mother and me, she used to go washing, earned good money, but all her wash folks got burned out, they haven't any clothes to wash now."

While they had been talking they had gone out into the station street and there, right before them, stretched a long street of burned and tumbled-down houses. The children were eager to go on down that street and see the ruins of the fire, but the mother said, "No, first we make our gift, I, too, have earned a little

money." So she directed the boy who said his name was Charles, or Charlie for short, to take them to the relief station, and he led them on, stopping now and then to tell some story of the fire. How his cat had not been seen since their street was all burnt out, a good cat she was, too. Then Tim Flagan down by the water had a little pig, he had to keep it shut up, as it was against the law to keep pigs in Salem, and when Tim went back to look over the ruins of his home, there was his pig roasted just fit to eat. Then you should have seen the chickens, how the poor things ran and flew up the trees and down again when the trees, too, caught fire. "Oh! but that was a night," said Charlie, "but here we are, I will wait outside, while you go in and give your money."

The great hall they went into was a wonderful sight for Mrs. Seaton as well as for Jane and John—piles and piles of clothes and furniture and dishes, all sorts of things that had

been sent in from all the towns and cities to be given to those who had lost their all in the fire. "Shoes enough," John said, "for all the boys in the United States." He did not seem to think the girls needed shoes, but Jane was looking at a table where there were piles of dresses and aprons for girls of all ages, so someone had thought about the girls. They had to wait awhile for the ladies were busy listening to the wants of those who came for help and giving to them the things they needed. One lady sat at a table giving out meal tickets, writing down the names of those who took them. It grieved Mrs. Seaton's heart to see so many sad-eyed, weary-looking women, standing waiting their turn to make their wants known, while the children were running about trying to see everything. Mrs. Seaton found her way to the desk of the Treasurer and gave her modest little gift, then she called Jane and John and took some pride in telling the lady that her children

had earned their money weeding in the garden and selling flowers, so the lady called them up and thanked them, said she hoped many boys and girls all over the country would remember the poor children of Salem.

On the floor beside this lady sat a little girl not more than four years old. She looked sad and frightened and seemed to be trying to find comfort in tending a very dilapidated-looking doll. "Whose child is that?" asked Mrs. Seaton. "Alas!" said the lady, "she is nobody's child, one of our saddest cases, for although it is over ten days since the fire no one has claimed her; we take care of her as best we can. To-day she is my charge and I brought her here, hoping some one would take her. She needs care and comfort." "Do you really know nothing about her?" asked Mrs. Seaton. "Nothing that gives us any clew to her friends, her mother only came to Salem two months ago; she had two rooms on Beacon Street, she gave her name as

Walton, the little girl she called Alice. She was trying to find sewing to do, she had been sick so her neighbors tell us, for some little time, but asked for no help or care. She died in the hospital the day after the fire. She was unconscious from fright and exhaustion, could tell nothing about herself, only she held fast unto the hand of her child up to her last breath and the last words she spoke were 'my poor Alice.' There was no one to look after their things so everything she had was burned, there is not even a scrap of paper to tell us who she was and the child is too young. She mourns her mother and sobs herself to sleep every night; she ought to be taken away from all this rush and turmoil, where someone could pet and comfort her."

Jane had been listening wide-eyed to this talk and now when she saw her mother's eyes fill with tears as she stooped down and lifted the little girl from the floor, she said eagerly,

"Mother, mother, let us take her, you promised me a sister. I will help you take care of her. Oh! do take her home to Gloucester." "Gloucester, Gloucester," said the lady, "do you live in Gloucester?" "In East Gloucester," replied Mrs. Seaton. "Then do you know Mr. Brinton, the rector of St. John's Church?" "Know him," said Mrs. Seaton, "why he is my rector, ask my children here, they adore him he is so good to them in the Sunday School." "Well!" said the lady, "my name, too, is Brinton and my brother is in the city to-day. I shall see him at lunch time and if he verifies, as I have not the least doubt he will, what you have said, and you will take little Alice for even a week or two, I shall be most grateful. I cannot look after her now. We may yet find her friends; if no one claims her she must be put in a 'Home' unless someone will take her into their family."

While Miss Brinton had been talking, little Alice had put her arms about Mrs. Seaton's

neck and said, "Mama, me wants mama." The little one was all unconscious that she was speaking the magic words that would open for her a mother's heart and give to her a home and loving care. But Mrs. Seaton did not need Jane's urgent pleading, "Oh do, do take her mother." For her decision was made; as she sat little Alice down she said, "I will be back here by two o'clock this afternoon, and if after talking with your brother, you decide to let me have this child, I will take her home with me."

Seeing burned-out Salem seemed a rather secondary consideration now, especially to Jane, but their guide was waiting for them and so they followed him up and down many of the streets. The fire had been so fierce that most of the houses had crumbled into dust and ashes, so often only the steps were left, going up into empty space. Sometimes walls or half sides of blocks stood or leaned to one side ready to fall. The children were especially interested in St.

Joseph's Church, for although all of the inside of the church was burnt out and most of the walls had fallen, the front still stood and in a niche above the door, high up, too, still stood firm and untouched by fire or smoke, a life-sized statue of St. Joseph. But there were strange sights all through those long streets that had been swept by the fire.

In one cellar they looked down into a child's white crib which stood untouched by fire; in another, great piles of letters were fluttering in the wind and in many of the ruins there were piles of half-burned books. Here a child's toy lay untarnished, there a bed and bureau and chairs lay in heaps.

One of the sad sights was the ruined gardens and the scarred and blackened trunks of the shade trees. In one of the gardens there was a stone or marble table and bench and as the lunch basket had grown heavy and their stomachs light, Mrs. Seaton said, "Here I think we

are invited to sit down and eat and rest." Charlie, the guide, welcomed that news and oh, how he did eat, and when all were satisfied, Mrs. Seaton made his heart glad by giving him the basket and all that was left in it. Then they walked on, stopping sometimes to look into the little, rough, board huts that had been built along some of the streets. But truth to tell, they grew so tired that they no longer cared to looked at ruined walls and burned-out homes, and Jane especially was anxious and fairly impatient to get back to the relief rooms and little Alice, so even before two o'clock they had dismissed Charlie, the guide, and entered the relief rooms.

CHAPTER IV

The Taking Home of Little Alice

JOHN said, "Let me stay outside, I promise not to go away." So only Mrs. Seaton and Jane found their way to Miss Brinton's desk. She saw them at once and smiled, but she was busy taking in money and so they had a little wait. Jane, however, found little Alice sitting all forlorn on a chair near Miss Brinton, so she sat down on the floor beside her and talked to her in such a sweet, winning way that she soon won her confidence, which she showed by offering to let Jane hold her only treasure, the dilapidated doll. Then Jane ventured to ask: "Will you come with me, Alice, and be my little sister?" Alice looked at her for a moment and then laid her head on Jane's shoulder and said "Me go, take me now."

Miss Brinton had turned from her desk just

in time to hear the remark, and, smiling, said to Mrs. Seaton, "There, you see Alice has made the decision for us. I have seen my brother and from what he has told me I am more than satisfied with the home you offer. It may be only for a short time, yet somehow I have a feeling that she is yours, a sister your little girl says she has been longing for." Several ladies that Miss Brinton called to the desk came and shook hands with Mrs. Seaton, telling how relieved and happy they were to have the little waif cared for. They took Mrs. Seaton's name and address, put a cap and jacket on little Alice, kissed her good-bye and with the little doll in her arms and Jane fairly dancing with delight, they made their way to the station. Here John found the boy with the booklets still calling out "views of Salem fire," and he told John that he now had twenty-four cents, his profits for the day's sales.

Soon they were on the train, a weary lot, lit-

tle Alice asleep in her new mother's arms, and Mrs. Seaton had time to wonder what her John would say when he came home at supper time and found his family increased by the four-year-old new daughter. But truth to tell, she did not worry, for ever since the evening she met John Seaton when he came to her home for his mother, he had been the most indulgent of lovers and husband never questioning her wisdom and she knew how kind and tender-hearted he was, how he loved children. And he fully justified her faith in him.

They were home in time for her to cook a good supper and to wash and dress little Alice in a long-laid-aside dress of Jane's; she had even curled the soft, golden hair of the little one, discovering, the more she worked over her, how really sweet and beautiful she was.

It was late when John Seaton came up the hill to his home, for as he was now the trusted head of the great fish house, he often had to

stay late to overlook the work of the men under him. When John and Jane saw their father coming they ran down the street and with one on each side holding onto his hands, he entered into the house. The children, obeying their mother, had not said a word about Alice, only talked fast of the sights of Salem, so his eyes opened wide as his wife said, "John, I have brought you a present from Salem, a little daughter." But, knowing the man she spoke to, she made haste to add, "this is a lonely little waif that needs to be cared for until they can find her friends. I knew I did not need to come home and ask you before I decided that we could give her the care she needs."

John Seaton's face looked sober, but only for an instant, then in a hearty and cheerful manner he said, "I might have known, Elizabeth, that you could never get back from Salem without bringing with you some homeless one. I expected at least three, only one makes it easy

—won't eat us out of house and home." Then stooping down he lifted the little one in his arms, saying, "I see you picked for beauty, will Jane be jealous?" "No, no, father," said Jane, "I want to keep her always, I just hope her friends will never be found." And when Mrs. Seaton had told her husband all that was known about little Alice and her mother, John Seaton said, "I guess our Jane will have her wish. I rather think little Alice has come to stay. You are the one, wife, who will have the care, perhaps too, you will have the comfort."

It did not take long for all of East Gloucester to hear that Mrs. Seaton had brought from Salem a little child to care for, and neighbors and friends came to look at little Alice, admiring her beauty and wondering who she was and why her friends had failed so far to claim her. I have told you that Elizabeth Seaton was a wise woman, so she told even her nearest friends but little save that in the confusion the

child had been lost and that she had offered to care for her until her friends were found, and as so often one good deed inspires another, quite a number of people in East Gloucester said why don't we lend a helping hand in caring for the homeless ones, especially relieving friends of the care of little children until they have time to settle in new homes.

The new idea took wonderfully and in a week's time over fifteen children had been brought from Salem and were being clothed and cared for in Gloucester homes. But no other little waif like Alice was found, and in due time all of these children went back to their friends, leaving a blessing in each home that had been opened to them, for surely it is more blessed to give than to receive.

One lady from the Hawthorne Inn came to see little Alice, and holding her in her lap said: "She is just the age of my little Alice, who left me a year ago. I have never done anything

with her clothes. May I send home and have them all, with her dolls and books, sent to this Alice? I think it will help my heartache a little." So it came to pass that little Alice Seaton, as she soon came to be called, was a comforter to another sad heart. Only think how much good a little child can do. Soon Alice became the sunshine and joy of the red house on the hillside.

I must not forget to tell of Jane's delight in taking Alice with her to Sunday School the first Sunday she was with them, and how proud she was to take her to the teacher and tell her, "this is what I brought from Salem." When Mr. Brinton came into the Sunday School he went straight to Jane's class, took Alice in his arms, delighting Jane's heart by saying, "It paid to work hard for the trip to Salem when you found there such a beautiful sister as this."

John told his class about the St. Joseph the fire and water and wind could not drive away

from guarding the church that bore his name, and for many days little groups of children would gather around Jane and John to hear about Salem and the great fire. But after awhile it grew to be an old story and in the autumn they all went back to school, and work and things settled down in the house on the hill. Soon, for oh, how soon people forget, no one remembered to ask the question that at first was on everybody's lips: "have Alice's friends been found?"

Miss Brinton and her brother made every effort, as they thought it was their duty to do so; they even put an advertisement in one of the church papers. The child won such a secure place in the hearts of all the Seaton family that for many weeks Mrs. Seaton said daily a little prayer asking for strength and courage if the call should come for her to give up the child. But gradually as weeks and months passed, she lost the fear and was simply happy in the gift

that had come to them unsought, indeed, but most welcome. Alice herself seemed to have lost all memory of her life previous to the fire, contented and happy in the home of the foster father and mother who came to love her as if she were indeed their very own and if the mother whose last words had been "my poor Alice" was allowed to look down from her home among the blessed, surely she could no longer say, "my poor Alice," but "my blessed and happy Alice."

This started out to be a story about Jane and John Seaton, but, it ends with the added name of Alice Seaton, all three, the happy children of John and Elizabeth Seaton of East Gloucester, Mass.

SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF JANE AND JOHN SEATON

SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF JANE AND JOHN SEATON

A SEQUEL, yes this is a sequel, but, some way I like best to think of little Alice as the mystery child of quaint old Salem, wherein the deep past things, strange and beyond understanding, happened.

How many chapters there may yet be to tell the little lady's life, I know not, for she is even now only seven years old.

The first year of her life with the Seaton's passed away uneventful. Jane and John accepted her in unquestioning faith as the little sister that they had been asking for in their prayers. Mr. Seaton made her his special pet. The neighbors soon grew weary of the same answer to the query, "have you discovered any-

thing about Alice's parents?" So she became quite the child of the family. Only in the mother-heart of her foster mother there lingered even a fear that someone might yet come to claim and take from her, her love child.

The lady who had given to Alice the garments of her own Alice, sought her out as soon as she came for her usual summer outing at Hawthorne Inn, and she it was that suggested to the Seaton's that they make Alice legally their child, so that no one could take her from them, unless they could prove the higher right, of a real parent. This was easily accomplished and in a measure set Mrs. Seaton's heart at rest. On the second anniversary of the great fire, something did happen to at least suggest a possible solution of the mystery.

An English colonel, who had been in Boston looking after some special but secret interests of the English government, came down to Hawthorne Inn for a week's rest before sailing for

his home-land. He seemed a rather sad and weary man, and liked best to sit gazing off over the blue waters of the bay. But of course he was beset with people eager to hear of his experiences in the great contest across the sea, and once aroused, his eyes would flash and his voice ring out clear and strong, as he told of the horrors of the battlefields, and of the desolation and destruction that had fallen on brave little Belgium and fair and sunny France. Someone asked, "Surely you do not want to go back to all that horror?" It was a woman who asked the question and the colonel turned and looked at her for a moment and the fire died out of his eyes, while a note of deep sadness came into his voice as he answered, "Yes, madam, I long to be at the front. I am a lonely, desolate man, my one comfort is that I belong to my country. I believe her cause is just and that victory will finally be won; if part of the price of that victory be my life, I am ready to pay the price."

One morning Jane and little Alice came to the inn, with their basket of sweet peas, for Jane was still earning money and she had found that Alice's golden curls and deep blue eyes helped wonderfully in the sales of their flowers. They had noticed the English colonel but had been a little awed by his soldierly appearance and had not spoken to him, but one morning Alice ventured to extend a bunch of the peas under his eyes, saying only five cents for sweet peas. The colonel looked up happily, but when he saw the child a quick change came over his face, a look of painful remembrance, and he said, "who are you?" At this Jane came forward, and said, "She is my sister, sir, her name is Alice Seaton." "Oh!" he said, "I will take all your flowers, here is the money." Greatly surprised, Jane counted out her little bouquets, thanked the gentleman most earnestly, and taking Alice by the hand, walked away.

The colonel watched them with a tender long-

ing in his eyes, then turning to a lady who sat near and who happened to be Alice's generous friend, Mrs. Weston, he said, "Do you know anything about that child's parents?" "No," said the lady, "no one knows anything about them, she is our Salem mystery." "What do you mean," the colonel asked, "that older girl said her name was Alice Seaton, and that she was her sister." "Yes," answered Mrs. Weston, "her legal name is Alice Seaton, she is the adopted child of John and Elizabeth Seaton, she has a good home, but she is our unsolved mystery." And then very briefly she gave the colonel the story of the Salem fire, told the very little that was known of the mother of Alice, of her sad death and of the good fortune that had fallen to her child in the home and devoted love of the Seatons.

As she went on with her story, she was conscious that the man beside her was moved by some deep, strong emotion. He asked her some

questions as to the exact date of the Salem fire, and if nothing whatever of the stranger's belongings had been saved from the fire. "Not a thing," said Mrs. Weston, "we here made the most careful investigations, no one had been in the least admitted into the confidence of the lonely woman, everything belonging to her was burned. The child was carried out in her night-gown, while her mother was scarcely able to speak and never fully comprehended what had happened, her only intelligent words were "my poor Alice."

When she finished speaking the colonel arose and said, "May I ask you to wait here a few moments while I go to my room?" His voice shook as he spoke and his eyes were full of tears. Of course Mrs. Weston was deeply interested and she felt sure that she had at last touched the veil that had enveloped little Alice's history. In a few moments Colonel Hinton returned and as he sat down he handed Mrs. Weston a little

case, that after opening as he bade her to, she saw the picture of a lovely young woman holding on her lap a golden-haired, blue-eyed little girl.

"Who does that child resemble?" asked the colonel. Mrs. Weston did not speak for some moments during which she looked keenly at the picture. She knew at once that her answer involved much that concerned the happiness of those in whom she was deeply interested, so she hesitated until the colonel said, rather impatiently, "Are you afraid to speak?" "No," replied Mrs. Weston, "I see the resemblance, but I cannot be sure that it is a picture of Alice Seaton. I do not know what to say." "May I ask," said the colonel, "that you go with me to the Seatons; I must leave here this evening. I am to sail for England in two days. I must know more about that child. And the story I have to tell is a painful one, I do not wish to tell it twice. May I ask, as a great favor, that

you arrange a meeting for me with Mrs. Seaton? I want you to be with me to help in the decision we must make."

That afternoon Mrs. Weston went with Colonel Hinton to the Seatons' home. Jane and Alice were sent away, but not until Alice had sat on the colonel's knee, had been questioned by him, and he had found that all memory of her early child life had faded quite out of her mind. She believed herself in a home that had always been hers, and the questions did not disturb her. So holding her close to him and looking into her face with hungry, longing eyes, the colonel kissed her, and putting her down, bade her go for a walk with her sister.

After she had left them he turned to Mrs. Seaton and said, "That she is my child I have not the slightest doubt, the dates coincide, her looks tell the tale," but as he noticed the look of fright and anguish on Mrs. Seaton's face, he said, "do not be alarmed, she is yours legally,

I have no proof that could stand in a law court, and then, what is far more to be considered, I have no home, no mother love to offer her, and I myself must soon be in the front of the battle-line in France. Both Alice's mother and myself were only children, there is no one I could trust my child to, no one who would give her the love and care you are giving her. I have only one thing to ask. Let me hear of her welfare, and let me help you financially. If I live until she comes to years of maturity, I shall claim the right to tell her the story of my life, no danger of my winning her from you, but, perhaps she will pity and love a little the father who is paying now, in bitter sorrow, the price of a fiery temper, and lack of faith in the true love and devotion of a saintly woman.

"I cannot tell you more now. When I return to England I will write down what I want Alice to know some day, and will send it and some of her mother's belongings in a box that I wish

you to keep unopened until Alice is, in our judgment, old enough to understand and wise enough to accept a sorrow."

Both Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Seaton were fully convinced that Colonel Hinton was Alice's father, and their hearts were touched with keen sympathy and admiration for his honest sincerity and his unselfishness in deciding what was wisest and best for his child, and they respected his silence in not going into the details of the unhappy difference that had separated him from his wife, and his generous acceptance of the entire blame for their separation.

That evening on his way to the station, Colonel Hinton stopped and left with Mrs. Seaton a sealed package, in which she found a generous sum of money and all needful addresses, and a note full of grateful appreciation of all she had done for his child. He said, "I am not a rich man, but as soon as I reach London I shall make my will, leaving all I have to Alice Seaton. All

shall be done carefully and legally so that there will be no trouble. The box, I will send you at once. My only request is that at least once a month you send me a few lines, so that I may know of my child's welfare."

Within a month the box came and was carefully put away to await Alice's majority. For six months Mrs. Seaton heard from him once a month, letters that she put carefully away, so that when the time came for Alice to know her true history, she might read of her father's love and interest in her. But the letters did not come for long, for six months after Colonel Hinton returned to the battle front at Verdun, a cablegram came to Mrs. Seaton, sent by a law firm in London. Its words were very few, but they closed forever a chapter of little Alice's life. They said Colonel James Hinton was killed instantly, the 8th; he fell leading his regiment.

BLESSED STARS AND STRIPES

BLESSED STARS AND STRIPES

THE 4th of March, 1861, dawned on the city of Washington bright with sunshine, and the city was gay with flags, yet those who walked the streets saw no look of exultation even upon the faces of the men who had conquered in that hard-won battle that was this day to place Abraham Lincoln at the head of our nation; rather was there a feeling of dread and apprehension, for most men knew of the plot that had been laid to keep Mr. Lincoln from reaching Washington alive. No one knew what daring deed might interrupt the solemn and impressive ceremony of the inauguration. Then there were sullen looks on many faces, and bitter words fell from the lips of men and women

who would have resented the charge that they were disloyal to the land that had secured to them the many blessings they enjoyed.

Washington was still, in 1861, a city of magnificent distances and great expectations, only dimly fore-shadowing the city beautiful we are so proud of today, but the great unfinished Capitol loomed up in grandeur on the eastern hill above the Potomac River, and along all the streets leading to the Capitol surged a crowd of people eager to have a part in whatever took place. But the rebellion that burst into the lurid flames of war a little over a month later, smothered that day in many a breast and kept the day from being the free and joyful inauguration of a new administration.

Soldiers lined a great part of Pennsylvania Avenue, but there was no adequate police force, and for the most part the crowd moved to and fro as they passed, while frequent little groups of men exchanged angry words, as friends of

the incoming administration resented the insulting words regarding the new President spoken by the hot-headed Southerns who still lingered about the Capitol.

Near the Treasury Building stood a lady who was closely occupied watching the movements of a bright young boy, who seemed overflowing with eager, happy enthusiasm. "Only look, Mamma," he said, "at the lots and lots of people that have come to see my President. Oh, I wonder when he will come! I want to see the real Mr. Lincoln and shake my flag at him. I wish I could tell him that I have carried this flag all summer right under my torch so that everybody could see that I was for Lincoln." A lady who seemed anxious only to hurry on away from the crowd had been attracted by the boy's clear sweet voice, but she evidently did not sympathize with his sentiments, for a frown gathered on her handsome face and, lifting her dainty garments as if to shield them from contagion,

she pressed forward close to the young Republican, and said, "Do you know what you are talking about? The people are simply crazy to want to place that uncouth rail-splitter in the seat once occupied by Washington and Jefferson. Abraham Lincoln in the White House! I will not look upon him there, nor anywhere else. You had better burn that flag, for some day you will be ashamed that you ever carried it. Yes, Archie Noulan, I wonder at you and at your mother."

The cheeks of the ten-year-old boy flamed scarlet and his blue eyes fairly blazed with angry fire, but his mother's hand was laid quickly on his mouth as she said, "Remember, Archie, that I expect you to be a little gentleman. Mrs. Walton is my friend. She has as much right to her opinions as you have to yours." At these words the lady bowed, smiled and passed on. Then the little patriot burst forth into a torrent of angry words about those

who dared to say such things about his Mr. Lincoln. Lifting his flag high above his head he shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah! for Abraham Lincoln!" The shout was taken up and echoed along the line by men and boys and some women, but was drowned in another as the word was passed along, "They are coming! They are coming!" As that word reached Archie's ears, he sprang from his mother's side right out into the street, lifting his flag in one hand and waving his cap in the other. Those near saw for one-half moment a beautiful, fair-faced boy, eager and happy, and in the next instant a wave of horror struck all who saw him, for the boy was beneath the feet of a horse that had dashed down the avenue, his rider bent simply on the mission of clearing the way for the coming procession. Archie's swift dash into the street had brought him right under the feet of the horse. Kind hands lifted him up, and his mother's arms were about the unconscious boy

in less than it takes to tell about it, but the flag he was so anxious to wave before the man whose pictured face it bore was left to be trampled in the dust and swept away in the rubbish, and by the time the carriage in which was seated James Buchanan, the out-going, and Abraham Lincoln, the incoming President of the United States, passed the Treasury Building, all trace and almost all thought of the accident was lost in the interest with which that throng of friends and enemies looked upon the sad, grave face of the man who was about to assume the heavy task of guiding our Ship of State through a great storm.

How little Mr. Lincoln or even his most ardent admirers dreamed that day of the world-wide fame and reverent love he was to win, or that his name was to be carved, not beneath, but beside that of George Washington—one as the Father, and the other as the Saviour of our country. It is all a familiar thing to us now;

painters have put on canvas the scene on the steps of the Capitol as the new President took the oath of office and the words of his inaugural address have become classic literature.

* * *

Let us turn away from it and see what became of little Archie Noulan. Some kind friends helped to place him with his mother in a carriage and in a short time he was lying, still unconscious, on his bed in the plain little home of his mother on F street. Mrs. Noulan was a widow, Archie, her only child. She owned her home which stood almost under the shadow of a fine mansion occupied that winter by the Mrs. Walton who had reproved Archie for his devotion to Mr. Lincoln. Mrs. Noulan helped out her rather scanty income by doing plain sewing for her friends. She was a lady, refined and intelligent, and all her interests in life centered in her bright, beautiful boy. Her one ambition had been to educate and fit him for the position

in life that befitted him as a descendant of two grandfathers who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War. As she stood waiting the verdict of the doctor, who had been difficult to find in all the excitement of the day, she felt as if her heart would cease to beat if they told her that her boy's life had been sacrificed to his enthusiastic admiration for the President, whose inauguration was at that moment being announced by the booming cannon. As the vibration struck the room in which Archie lay he opened his eyes for the first time, and stretching out his right hand, the left arm was broken, said, "Hurrah! Hurrah! for my President!" The doctor smiled and said, "Ah! That is good; he will soon be himself and you will only have a broken arm and leg to look after, Mrs. Noulan."

Up to this time the brave mother had been true to the Revolutionary blood that coursed in her veins, but now she fell on her knees beside

her boy's bed and wept so bitterly that she had to be taken from the room. But she was soon a calm, self-contained woman, ready for every emergency, and happy in the hope that her boy was saved to her; a hope that was shadowed by a great anxiety during succeeding weeks, for a fever added its complications to the injury of the broken limbs. For several weeks the precious life seemed to hang in the balance, but youth, good blood, and tender, devoted care won the victory, and the day that the dark cloud of war that had hung over the country burst out in the lurid fire on Fort Sumter, the doctor said, "All danger is past, Mrs. Noulan. Your boy only needs now the tender care you know so well how to give. He will be perfectly well, only indulge him all you can. He seems to have a very determined nature, which will help to make him a man such as we need just now, and will no doubt need when he has come to man's estate. In his present condition it is best not to

thwart him. By the way, how came he to be such an ardent admirer of the President? And why does he mourn so for that little flag that he lost?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Noulan. "Only last summer he read every story he could find about Mr. Lincoln, and he was just wild with enthusiasm, and would have a torch and march up and down the street, and the day of the inauguration, he ran right out into the avenue when he heard the cry that the President was coming. No one could be blamed, for he sprang right under the feet of the horse that knocked him down, and while the fever was raging he talked of nothing else but the President and his flag. Now he wants me to tell him all about what has happened and he wants to get well so that if there is war—as alas! there is sure to be—he may go as drummer boy, but most of all he wants to see Mr. Lincoln."

A month later Archie Noulan justified all

that the doctor had predicted, for his cheeks had again taken the bright hues of health, the broken arm was nearly restored to use, but his broken leg healed more slowly, so that he had to be lifted from the bed to the reclining chair that had been sent to him by Mrs. Walton before she left for her southern home. She had been very kind to Mrs. Noulan and had given her real help. Archie's one great interest was in the war news, and his mother had to read him any item of news, but most of all he wanted to hear about Mr. Lincoln, what he did, and he often interrupted his mother's reading by exclaiming, "There! I knew he would do just the right thing. My President is a wise man."

There was something beautiful and touching in this little boy's faith in the man he had never seen, but who was to him a perfect ideal. One of the first things Archie had asked for, as he grew well enough to remember the incidents of the day he was injured, was his Lincoln flag,

and he wept bitter tears when told that it had gone down in the dust beneath the horse's feet and not seen or even thought about until days after the accident. His mother said, "I got another just like it for you, and it is clean, while yours was all mussed up by the torch you carried with it." But Archie was too loyal to his old flag to even look at its new substitute, so he asked to have the Stars and Stripes hung across the foot of his bed. As soon as he heard that war had been declared he insisted that the flag of the Union, "The Blessed Stars and Stripes," as he called it, should be hung in each of the front windows of their modest little home, so that all passersby might take note that that house stood for the Union.

He loved to have his reclining chair set close to the front window of their little parlor so that he could look out on the passersby and as he was always impatient to be in this his chosen place quite early in the morning, even when the hot

sun poured in on him, his mother remonstrated, telling him that he would enjoy much better a morning look out on the bit of a garden at the rear of the house. Then he said, "Oh! you don't understand! Don't you remember what the papers tell about Mr. Lincoln's early morning walks? He has to go early for that is the only time he has to himself, and I am always hoping he will pass by here some morning and I shall see my President. Would it not be dreadful if he should pass before I go to my seat? Hurry up, mother, he may be passing now!"

The day Archie had made this appeal to his mother, she had to pass the White House on her way down into the city. It was only nine in the morning and all was quiet about the mansion, and as she looked across the greensward that was already worn by the tramp, tramp of the many officials and messengers who sought audience with the President, a sudden impulse or inspiration seized her, and as if fearing her

courage would not long hold out, she almost ran up to the entrance, and before she realized what she was doing the clang of the bell she had touched with such nervous haste caused her heart to beat as if it would jump out of her mouth.

In a moment the door was opened by a man who looked as if he had trained his mouth to say "No!" although seeing only a modest, frightened-looking woman before him, he condescended to say, "Well, madam, what do you wish? Have you an official order from any of the departments?" stretching out his hand as he spoke. Then he smiled and shook his head as the blank look on Mrs. Noulan's face showed that she had come armed with no such document. So he said, "You must know, madam, that His Excellency the President, is a very busy man, especially in these war days. He has weighty matters to decide, secretaries and generals come to him for orders; he can't be ex-

pected to listen to even a few words from a woman who has no cause to present." "But," pleaded Mrs. Noulan, "I would not trouble him long and he has a kind, fatherly heart; he would be interested in what I want to tell him."

"And what is it that you want to tell me?" said a deep-toned, kind voice, as Mr. Lincoln, attracted by the pleasing tones, stopped as he was hurriedly passing across the hall and extended his hand to her. For a moment Mrs. Noulan was too overcome with surprise and delight to speak, and the President, still holding her hand, kindly led her within the hall and beyond the overpowering presence of the doorkeeper.

"Speak quickly, if you can, my good woman," said the President, for Franklin is right. I am pressed for time."

So very briefly Mrs. Noulan told of the ardent admirer he had in her ten-year-old boy, of the accident on the day of his inauguration, and

of the boy's passionate desire to just look upon him as he passed their house, if only he could do so in one of his daily walks.

As she talked, Mr. Lincoln's little son, Tad, had come up and taken his father's hand, eager to gain his attention, and looking down at him Mr. Lincoln said, "Tad, we will go and see that little boy, won't we? You help me to remember it when we take our morning walk tomorrow."

Then taking a card from his pocket he bade Mrs. Noulan give him her address and said, "Tell Archie to look out for Tad and me at nine o'clock to-morrow," and with a "Good morning, madam," Mr. Lincoln hurried on into his office, Tad still holding close onto his hand.

Mrs. Noulan was so dazed by what had happened that she could hardly believe her senses as she made all haste home and rushing into the parlor where Archie reclined near the window, she greeted him with, "Who, who do you think

is coming to see you, Archie, at nine o'clock tomorrow?"

"Why, President Lincoln, of course," responded Archie as calmly as if he was used to daily calls from the President of the United States.

"Why, you queer, queer boy," said his mother, "what ever made you think of such an unheard of thing as the President coming to see you?"

"Well, I have been praying for it these many days and some way, as I sat here this morning, something here inside me told me my prayer was to be answered. Don't tell me that it is not true!"

While Archie was keenly interested in all his mother had to tell him, he took it all as a matter of course; to him it seemed only the natural, right thing that she should have stopped at the White House, have met Mr. Lincoln, who needed only to be told of his desire to grant it. But all that day there was great excitement in the little

house in F street. Mrs. Noulan was a wise little woman, so she knew that the expected visit must be known only by Archie and herself, but she yielded to the boy's wishes and added a flag over the front door to the patriotic decorations of the house.

The little parlor was swept and garnished, lovely flowers placed on the mantel and in the windows, and Archie was dressed and in his seat by the window an hour before the appointed time, bending his eager, happy face every few moments close to the window glass. Mr. Lincoln was promptly true to his promise, for a quarter before nine o'clock Archie caught sight of a tall man striding up F street, while a lad near his own age skipped along by his side.

"Mother, mother," Archie shouted. "They are coming! Open the front door, quick! quick!"

So as Mr. Lincoln and Tad came up the steps Mrs. Noulan stood ready to welcome them and

in another moment Mr. Lincoln's tall form was bending over Archie's chair, and, taking the boy's hand in both of his, he said, "And so you wanted to see me, my boy? Well, here I am, and better still, here is Tad. A boy is better than a man any day, isn't he?"

Such a radiant expression of joy and satisfaction lighted up Archie's face in that supreme hour of his life that it touched the President deeply, and something of the illumination lighted up his care-worn face and was reflected from Archie's blue eyes into the steel gray eyes of the President. He put his hat on the floor, not noticing Mrs. Noulan's outstretched hand, and looking about he helped himself to a chair, sitting down close to Archie. He asked him a few questions about his accident, and even laughed a hearty laugh when the boy told him of the little banner that had his face pictured on it and of how he had intended to wave it

close beside the carriage, if only the horse had not knocked him down.

Then Tad came away from the window beside which he had been standing and laid a book on Archie's lap, saying "That is all about some hunters out west; you will like it, I know." "And what can I give you?" said the President?" "Oh, will you give me what I want?" asked Archie. "I want your face on a flag, on the real flag, on the blessed stars and stripes." "My boy," said the President, "oh, no! I could not desecrate the flag I am sworn to protect." Then, touched by the look of keen disappointment on the sweet face before him, Mr. Lincoln said, "I will bring you a real flag, the blessed stars and stripes as you call it." "And," interrupted Archie, "will you, will you put your own name on it?" "Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, "if it will make you happy I will put my name on it, not as President, but simply Abraham Lincoln. Will that satisfy?"

"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," said Archie, "You are and always will be my President. You and George Washington; I think of you together. And I like you best, for George Washington never told funny stories. Do you know it was reading your stories that made me get acquainted with you?"

"Well! well!" said Mr. Lincoln, "You mustn't put me even beside the Father of His Country. And now Tad and I must go, for this cruel, cruel war keeps me busy."

A week later came a day forever marked in the calendar of Archie's life record with red lines when he received from the hands of the President a silk flag which bore on its oak staff this inscription: "Given to Archie Noulan, May 20, 1861, by his friend, Abraham Lincoln." This was the beginning of a friendship that lasted through those four strenuous, troubled years of Mr. Lincoln's life. He enjoyed the boy's enthusiasm, and was touched and pleased with his worshipful admiration.

After Archie's recovery he was frequently at the White House, and he and Tad became warm friends. Archie's faith in the success of the Union cause never faltered and he helped to bring cheer to Mr. Lincoln's heart in many a dark hour. Mr. Lincoln took time to study the boy's character and to find out what he desired to make his life work, and finding that his heart was set on serving his country in the navy, he prepared the way for him to enter the naval school at Annapolis. One of his last acts, after his return from that wonderful visit to Richmond, was to write officially to the Secretary of the Navy in Archie's behalf.

Then, just as the heavy war clouds broke, letting in the dawning light of a day of peace, and the President's heart was made glad with the hope that he could yet be the head of a united nation there came the awful tragedy of his martyr death. The great wave of sorrow and consternation that swept through our land

touched all hearts, but to no one outside of his own family did the President's tragic death bring a keener personal sorrow than to the boy who had so long made him the hero of his worshipful admiration.

While Mr. Lincoln's body lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol, Archie begged the privilege of standing guard beside it, and there he stood in mournful silence, holding in his hands the flag that bore the, to him, precious inscription placed there by order of his President. And when the special train that was to bear Mr. Lincoln's body back to his old home in Springfield, left Washington, Archie Noulan watched it leave through tear-dimmed eyes, while his stalwart boyish figure was shaken by convulsive sobs.

One more scene in the life of Archie Noulan. A little more than thirty-three years after the death of Mr. Lincoln, the bugle call to arms sounded through our land, and another good

President had to bear the wearisome, sorrowful burdens that come with war. But this time it was the rising up of a united people and the cause that fired their hearts with enthusiastic zeal was an unselfish one, for a free people could no longer sit down in peace and look on while a small, weak neighbor was being oppressed.

The story of that short war stands out clear in the memory of everyone. Who can forget the thrill of wonder and admiration that ran like lightning through our land on that never-to-be-forgotten May day when Admiral Dewey's brief dispatch told of the bloodless victory at Manila. And what a solemn joy entered into the celebration of July 4, 1898, as the story of the annihilation of the so-long-dreaded Spanish fleet was published to all the world; not that we rejoiced in the humiliation of the old kingdom that had been first to help in the discovery of this great western continent, but we knew that victory meant the dawn of peace, and that the

fair little island that had endured so much was going to be left free to carve out her own destiny.

On one of the great ships that did duty in that swiftly-won victory, we shall find the Archie Noulan we left a heart-broken boy of fourteen, watching the departure of the funeral train of the martyred President.

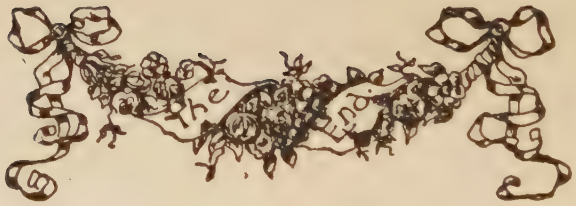
Thirty-three years of study, discipline, and work had graduated the earnest-minded boy into a man of noble bearing, unflinching heroism and such steadfastness of character that none doubted his right to command. The evening of the 4th of July, 1898, found him standing on the deck of his ship in company with a brother officer, watching the beautiful sunset over the bay of Santiago. All was peace and quiet. The echo of the sunset guns had died out in reverberating waves over the golden sea, suggestive of a funeral knell for the brave men who had the day before found there a watery grave.

"I hope," said Captain Noulan, "that yesterday's battle may bring peace, and that we shall not be called upon to pass through the awful scenes of yesterday again. I am almost sorry that my boy is preparing to enter the navy, grand and noble as it is to serve one's country in time of war. Yet it has its cruel side. One cannot but think of the homes we helped to make desolate and of the sad hearts across the sea. By the way, yesterday was my boy's birthday. He is just the age I was when I faced my first great sorrow, a sorrow that helped to make a man of me. The bullet that took the life of my President, Abraham Lincoln, pierced my heart, too. My boyish admiration has deepened into an adoring love, and I am glad I have lived to see the whole world acknowledge Abraham Lincoln's right to be numbered with the immortal few who were not born to die. My boy bears his name and I trust the name will touch his character and consecrate him to a life of high

and noble aims. I have told you that I owe my present position to the good President who made it possible for me to enter the naval school, but he did far more than that, for his life of hardship, trial and self-sacrifice has been my inspiration. When I grew weary of my studies there came to me the memory of the boy Abraham Lincoln, working hard to earn money to buy the books that he could only study by the light of a pine torch after his day's work was done. If discipline seemed irksome, I saw him enduring hardship, brave, self-contained and unselfish.

"How could I falter and halt by the way with such an example ever before me? We shall never know the weight of the burden he carried during those four years of war and tumult; the sorrows of all the people rested on his heart, but he saved the Union and not a star was lost from our national banner. My most precious possession is the flag he gave me when I was

a boy only ten years old. 'The Blessed Stars and Stripes' I called it then, much to Mr. Lincoln's amusement. 'Flag of the free heart's life and home' we call it now. Let us be glad that we added to its lustre yesterday."



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